

Maryknoll

SEPTEMBER 1958



MARTYRDOM OF ISAAC JOGUES

Story on page 60



AMONG the thousands passing through the Maryknoll Clinic in Pusan, Korea, are many children with bone tuberculosis. Sister Gilmary Simmons, a doctor from York, Pa., supervises his cast.



Maryknoll's Father Daniel B. McLellan shows H. Vance Austin, director of CUNA, and Father Marion Ganey, S.J., where the credit union began.

No More Money Under the Bed

■ "I WOULDN'T have believed it, except that I've seen it with my own eyes!" a Peruvian senator declared in Lima recently. "But that American Padre actually has been able to get the Indians to take their money out of hiding and to invest it."

The speaker was referring to Father Daniel B. McLellan, a Maryknoll missionary from Denver, Colorado, and his credit-union movement that could uplift the whole economic well-being of the people in the land of the Incas.

Two years ago Father McLellan organized the first credit union in

Andean Indians found a priest in whom they had confidence.

Peru and the highest in the world, 13,000 feet above sea level in the Andes Mountains. He started with 23 members and today has over 2,300. As the result of his success, 32 additional credit unions have been established. Early this year, the Peruvian bishops appointed Father McLellan as National Director of Parish Cooperatives.

Another result of Father McLel-

lan's work is that the Credit Union National Association (CUNA) recently set up an office in Lima to provide information and assistance for establishing credit unions in Peru.

Peruvians want to improve their standard of living, Father McLellan points out. But the greatest obstacle has been the lack of low-cost credit. Moneylenders charge exorbitant rates, and the Indians try to avoid them as they would plague carriers.

Already the established credit unions are helping the people to a better life. One Indian was able to buy an axe to chop wood; another, a mattress for a family that had slept on the ground; a third, a sewing machine and tools. With a credit-union loan, a doctor secured an X-ray machine, the first in his remote area of a million people.

"Because there are no banks in many parts of Peru," says Father McLellan, "millions of *soles* are hidden under mattresses and buried in the ground. Through the credit unions the people are able to put their buried treasure to work, for the good of individuals and the good of the nation."

Father McLellan says that the wide division between the relatively few rich people and the millions of poor makes the continent ripe for Communist infiltration. Banks don't

grant loans and the only money available to the people is from the moneylenders who charge as high as 25 per cent per month on the total loan. Credit-union maximum inter-

est, on the other hand, is only one per cent per month on the unpaid balance.

"The credit union is one of the most powerful forces available to fight the

inroads communism has made in South America," Father McLellan declares. "The bishops here in Peru realize that the credit union is one important means of implementing the social doctrines of the Church."

Father McLellan has visited credit unions in the United States and Canada. He has talked his problems over with credit-union experts at Saint Francis University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and has studied at CUNA headquarters in Madison, Wisconsin. The knowledge he has gained from experts and from his own experience he is passing on to others. In April, he conducted a course in Puno, Peru, for priests from various dioceses.

As National Director, he has his task cut out for him. He is working on a very limited budget and is counting on friends in the United States to help him spread the program of self-help. Father McLellan believes if credit unions succeed in the poverty-ridden Andes, they can succeed anywhere. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?
It's Easy!
THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

"Is the Sun Shining This Morning?"

■ A FEW weeks after ordination, I was asked by the chaplain of Sing Sing Prison to say the two Sunday Masses at the prison. The first Mass was celebrated in a large hall for the ordinary prisoners; the second Mass was celebrated in death row.

Following the second Mass, the guard said to me, "The man in the third cell wants to talk to you." After my prayers of thanksgiving, I approached the bars of the cell. A man arose from his cot and came to the door. With his hands on the bars, he spoke: "Good morning, Father. Is the sun shining this morning?"

Then I looked closer — he was blind.

I told him that the sun was shining — that it was a beautiful summer day and that, if he had ever offended God, to offer his trouble in reparation. I noticed a scar close to his eyes, but I asked no questions. We talked about God and His mercy and about pleasant things that faith brings.

Occasionally I think back to that Sunday morning in Sing Sing, and thank God for the gift of sight and the gift of faith. Some twenty centuries ago, Christ, by His Sacrifice on Calvary, unlocked the door of the death cell for souls of men of faith. Still there are millions who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death — millions who are looking through bars of superstition and ignorance, searching for the sunshine of faith. ■■

— Francis J. Caffrey, M.M.

Bamboo Wireless

Congratulations to Mount Saint Mary's College in Emmitsburg, Maryland, celebrating its 150th Anniversary on Sept. 24. The "Mount" has turned out a long list of distinguished Catholic leaders. Among Maryknollers who graduated are Bishop JAMES E. WALSH, now in Shanghai; Father JOHN F. WALSH; Father JOHN FLINN; and Father RAYMOND BONNER, the Maryknoll Superior in Bolivia . . . Father ARTHUR DEMPSEY, of Peekskill, N.Y., back to his refugee training school in Hong Kong after a successful operation for cataracts.

* * *

In Molina, Chile, Father LAWRENCE SCHANEGER of Baltimore, Md., read a story of St. Pancratius to his agricultural school pupils. Within a few minutes the whole class was reduced to tears. One boy so emotionally affected he fainted twice, and finally had to be put to bed.

* * *

Father JOSEPH McCORMACK released from Red prison and expelled from China after serving five year sentence on a trumped up charge of "espionage and sabotage for American imperialists." He received no time off for "good conduct." The former Manchurian missionary was in surprisingly good condition after his ordeal, had resisted attempts to brainwash him, and exhibited samples of his Irish wit to reporters who met him in Hong Kong.

* * *

Father HOWARD TRUEB, of New York City, has cut off a mountaintop in Hong Kong to get room to build a 24-classroom school . . . Reports from the China mainland tell that all the Chinese priests in Kaying (the late Bishop FORD's mission) have been taken into custody by the Reds, some at the points of guns, several tied up.

* * *

Watch for Bishop JAMES E. WALSH's book, The Young Ones, due for publication this month by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. It is a series of charming vignettes on Chinese children and family life . . . 95% of the Indians of Maryknoll's parish in Puno, Peru, can neither read nor write. A big problem when it comes to teaching them religion . . . One Maryknoll parish in Lima, Peru, has no church but has 60,000 parishoners . . . Father JOHN FAY on one mission trip in Guatemala heard 999 confessions.



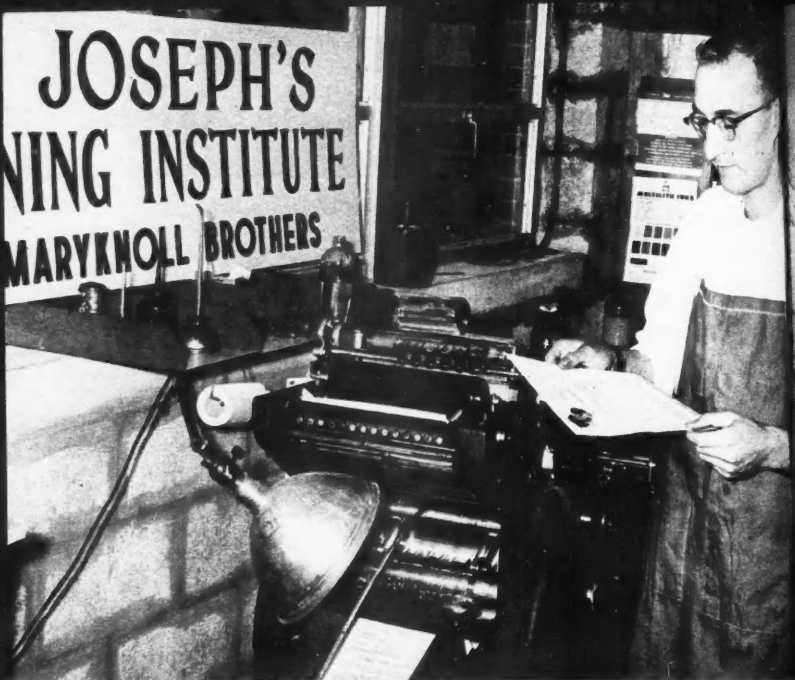
What Is a Brother?



What is a Brother? He's a man who makes a pledge — a pledge to give himself freely, joyfully, to fulfill any task assigned; to clear the way for priests of Christ to take Life to others.

PICTURES AND TEXT BY ANTHONY ROSSIELLO, M.M. ➔

JOSEPH'S NING INSTITUTE MARYKNOLL BROTHERS



In the Maryknoll Brothers, there's a place for every talent, every skill. To work, to do the all-important "hidden" jobs, to imitate Saint Joseph — that's our vocation, at home and on the missions. It is a difficult life but a rewarding life and a sanctifying life. It's a life firmly directed, offering integrity and security that the world can't imagine.



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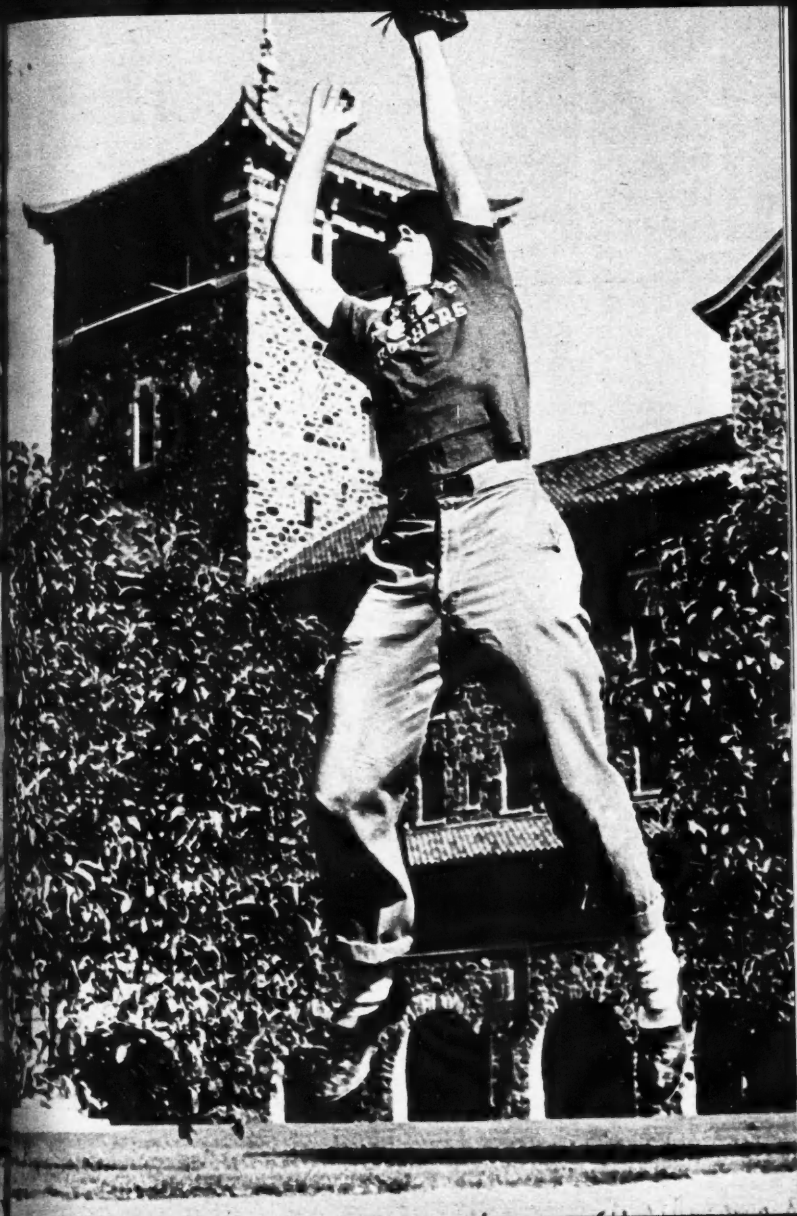
We literally bring home the bacon (and eggs). It's our task to relieve priests for the work that they were ordained to perform.



Whether it's laying out a new road at Maryknoll headquarters or lying in the mud of a jungle river to fix a propeller, we have Brothers who are able to do the job. There's no end to the talents Maryknoll needs.



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The Brother does important and necessary work. He's much more than a mere workman in a cassock. He is part of a team that aims to conquer the world for Christ. His contribution to that team makes the work go smoothly and successfully. He's an essential part of the apostolate to bring souls to God.



How about you? Will you join our band? Can you take our pledge? Have you the courage and strength to aid priests to take the Gospel to mankind?



YOUTH AROUND THE WORLD

Pictures and Background

BY J. PAUL BORDENET, M.M.

A Girl of the Kikuyu

■ MENTION the Kikuyu tribe of Kenya and immediately there springs to mind the bloody terrorism of the Mau Mau. Yet thousands of Christian Kikuyu families remained loyal to the Government and their Faith, suffering more bitterly under the terror than did the whites.

It is to such a family that Maria Therese Nyambura belongs. Maria Therese lives in Limuru, Kenya, with her parents, five brothers and one sister. She is fifteen years old and in the sixth grade of an intermediate school.

Maria Therese's family is better off than most Kikuyu. Her father is the principal of the mission's primary school and earns an annual salary of \$350. Her oldest brother, Joseph, works and brings in another \$200 a year.

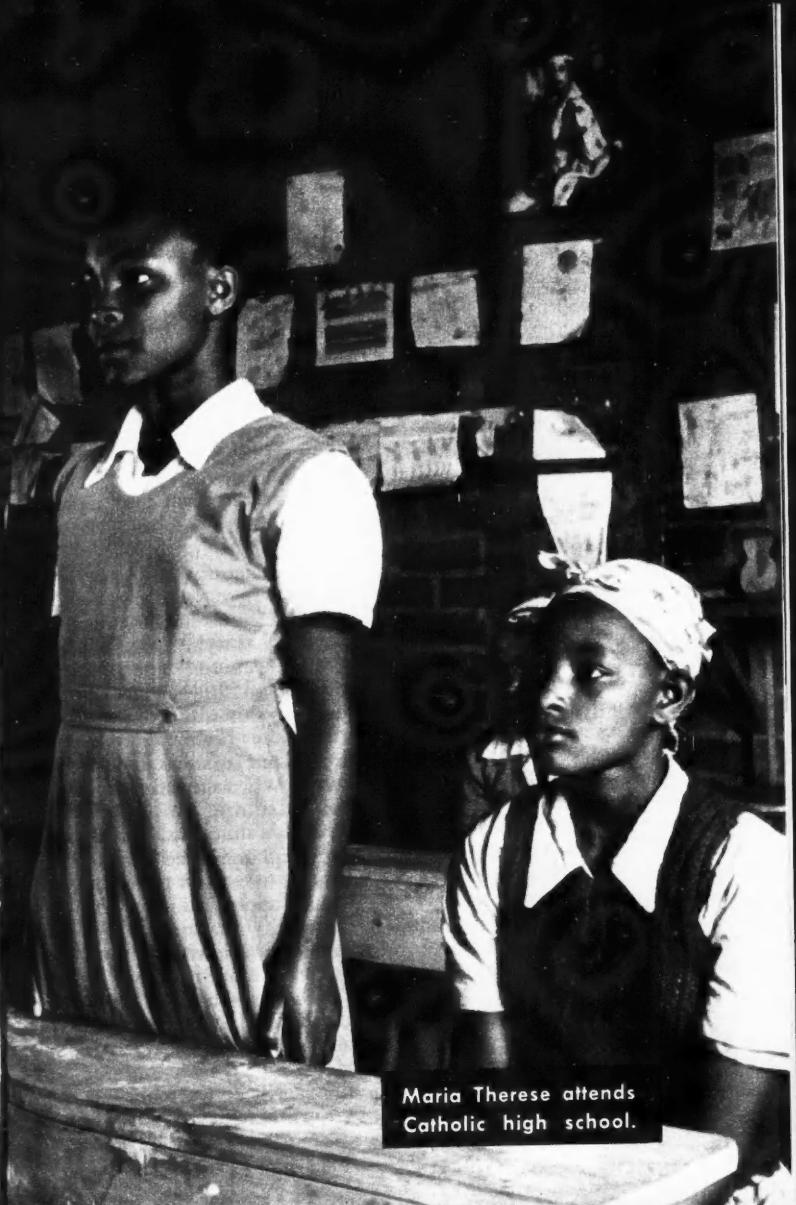
When Maria Therese is not at school, she lives with her family in a four-room, mud and wattle house with a galvanized-iron roof. The house is not large, about twelve by twenty feet, but the separate rooms offer a privacy not

found in many African homes. The furnishings of the house are few. Maria Therese sleeps on a sisal rope bed on which is laid a mattress filled with grass.

She rises each morning about six-thirty, and often attends Mass at the Holy Ghost Fathers' mission. After a breakfast of thin maize porridge, she hauls water from the river, washes clothes, cleans the house, and helps her mother prepare the midday meal. Usually it consists of beans, maize and sweet potatoes. Occasionally, there is a bit of meat. The afternoon is spent shopping or with her girl friends, chatting and laughing.

Maria Therese speaks three languages — Kikuyu, Swahili and English. She expects to finish high school, an unusual accomplishment for a girl. She would like to become a nurse although her parents want her to be a teacher. This girl of the Kikuyu leads a simple, uncomplicated life — no movies, no radio, little in the way of entertainment — but rich in family attachments. ■■

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Maria Therese attends
Catholic high school.

Next Month Nine Dollars!

A truck driver's family are enthusiastic Maryknoll rooters.

BY JOHN DALY WALSH, M.M.

■ "HEY MA — there's someone at the front door!"

Such was the response that greeted my knock at the front door of the Gibson home in Norwood, Ohio. As Maryknoll representative in this area, I was making the rounds of families who have been helping our missionaries for several years.

It was a rainy night and this was my last stop.

Evidently Mrs. Gibson was busy because the youngster had to "announce" me several times. Finally he shouted from his perch in front of the TV set, "Mother, there's a priest at the front door." Mrs. Gibson hurried to the front door, peeked through the curtain, and opened the door when she spotted the Roman collar.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gibson, I'm Father Walsh of Maryknoll. I ju—" That's as far as I got. "Maryknoll!" she exclaimed, and the children echoed as she grabbed my arm

and ushered me into the dining room. "This is a privilege!"

Introductions took quite a bit of time. There were eight children, and each one had to shake hands with the Maryknoll missionary. Mrs. Gibson excused herself for a few minutes to iron one last pair of blue jeans — this was ironing day. On the dining room table were neatly ironed piles of shirts, blouses, underwear. When she finished, Mrs. Gibson sat down, most likely for the first time that day.

I explained the purpose of my visit — to express personally Maryknoll's appreciation for the family's generosity in supporting a Maryknoller for eight days every month at the rate of \$1 a day.

"Father, what's so special about that?" said Mrs. Gibson. "After all, we are taking God at His word. He promised us a hundredfold for the sacrifices we make now. Tell me, Father, do you know the story

behind our supporting a missionary?"

I admitted that I did not.

"Well, Father, here's the story: Del — my husband — and I had been receiving the Maryknoll magazine for a long time. After our third child, we decided to make the missions an intimate part of our family life.

Even though Del was a non-Catholic, we made up our minds to support a missionary for one day a month at \$1 a day. However, we went one step further: we decided to make it one day a month for each child. And so, everytime I came home from the hospital, we added another dollar to our monthly donation to Maryknoll.

"Now, we support a missionary for eight days a month. And you know something, Father? We have never had a doctor's bill for our children, except for the cost of flu shots, polio injections; that's all. We consider Maryknoll our monthly doctor's bill. The greatest blessing of all was that Del became a Catholic in April, 1957. It's too bad he's not here tonight. You see, Father, Del is a truck driver. He transports new cars from the Chevrolet plant here, down to the dealers in Tennessee. It's a long trip, and so he's away every other night."

Earlier that day I had spoken at a school, and the Sisters had thoughtfully given me a box of Hershey chocolate bars. I asked Mrs. Gibson whether or not I could give them to her youngsters. "Father,

that would really be a treat," she said, "because the children give up candy one or two days a week, to help make up the money for our missionary." The oldest boy, Jim,

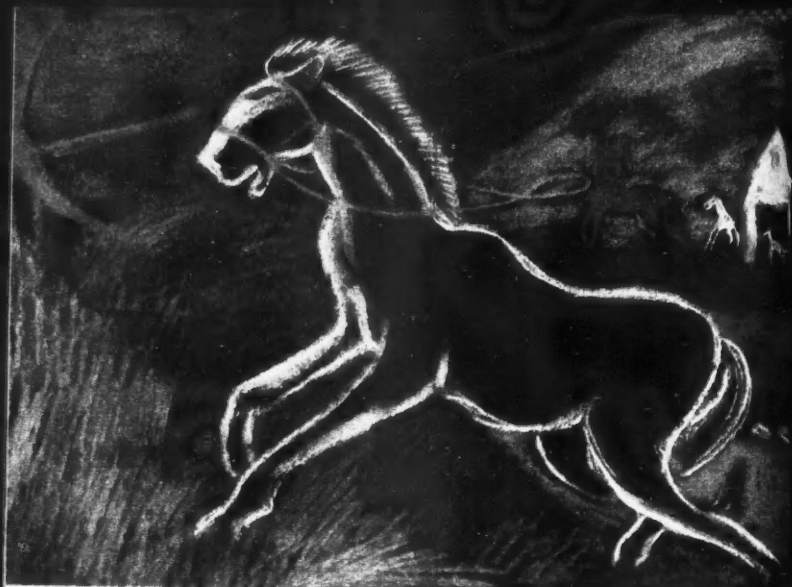
15, went out to my car and found the box. He no sooner placed it on the dining room table than there

was a mad scramble. "Just one moment, please," said Mom. "No candy until after we say the Rosary."

I was invited to take Dad's place for the Rosary. We all moved into the living room and knelt before the family's treasured possession, a large statue of Our Lady of Grace. Two candles burned on either side of the statue. On the mantelpiece were ten pairs of beads. Even eleven-month-old Tommy had a pair. Jim and his oldest sister, Judy, 14, led the prayers. After we finished, the youngsters practically had a free-for-all to decide who would have the honor of blowing out the candles. When this was decided, the eight happy youngsters made quick work of the chocolate bars.

Little six-year-old Mary stood beside me, trying to get mother's attention. Finally, in desperation, she interrupted: "Mommy, Mommy, can I tell him? Can I tell him?" Mrs. Gibson looked at me as she said: "Oh, go ahead." Mary, trying hard to control her childish lisp, gave me the big secret: "You know something, Father? Number 9 is coming!" Her mother said, "That will mean \$9 a month." ■ ■

**Since various State laws differ
in their requirements for wills,
write for our free will booklet:
What Only You Can Do.**



Gonzalo chose a piece of black paper to make this imaginative rendering. His impression of our old Wild West — deer, train, grass, and dog sled.



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Striking color and composition mark Gonzalo's drawing of a black leopard.

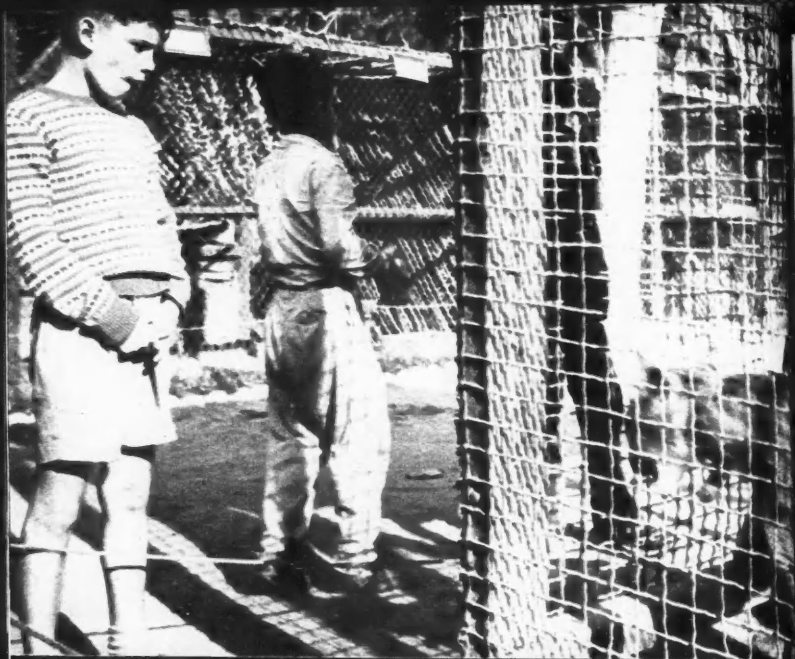
Gonzalo Likes Animals Best

An eight-year-old Peruvian reveals an unusual talent.

■ GONZALO Pflucker Castro is an eight-year-old boy in the third grade of Maryknoll's parochial school in Lima, Peru. He comes from a family of four children. His mother, Senora Ophelia, is a lovely woman who thoroughly understands and values her son's unusual artistic ability. His father died of a heart attack last year.

Gonzalo is a serious boy who seldom speaks unless he has something definite to say. Sister Maura Patrick Redmond, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a teacher at Gonzalo's school, noticed that the boy did remarkable drawings, far advanced for his age. Sister encouraged Gonzalo to develop his artistic talent.

Gonzalo's present passion is for animals. He spends a great deal of time at the zoo, studying them. He never copies pictures. To watch him work is fascinating. He may



Gonzalo spends his free time at the zoo, studying the animals.



Gonzalo Pflucker — the discovered

start drawing a horse by sketching the hind leg, or an automobile by reproducing the headlights. Unlike others his age, he has no inhibitions about color.

He approaches his work with the utmost concentration. His knowledge of color, composition, and perspective is phenomenal, in view of the fact that he has had no special training in art. While his classmates plod along at the usual pace, Gonzalo has been doing things that most high-school students would be incapable of doing. His pictures are characterized by



Although Peru is Indian land, he likes the North American kind.

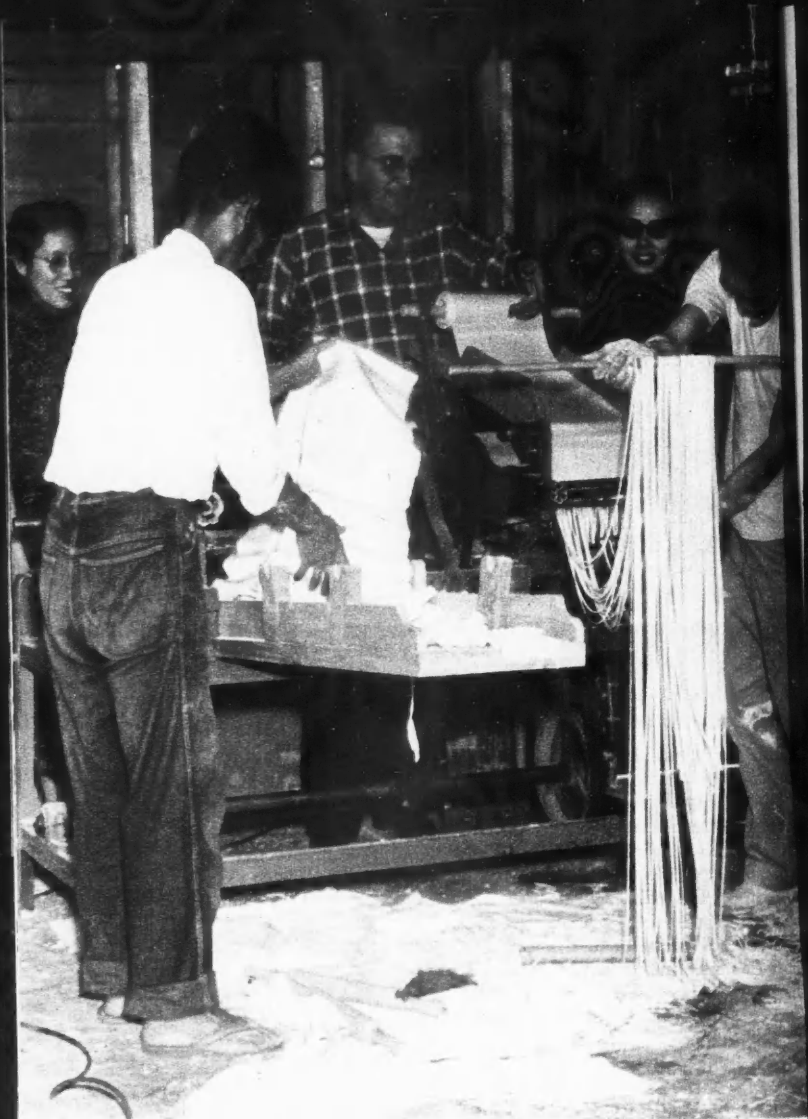
action in both color and form, and a directness of purpose.

Gonzalo is also a promoter. With the encouragement of Sister Maura Patrick, he wrote to a number of American publications, offering his drawings for sale in return for enough money to buy a bicycle. He sold several pictures to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and is now riding the bicycle to school. The sale probably makes him the youngest professional international artist.

Sister Maura Patrick hopes that Gonzalo will have the chance to develop his talent by training. ■ ■



Sister Maura Patrick — discoverer



Father Howard D. Trube, of Williamsbridge, New York, is in the thick of things that can help his refugees; here he operates a noodle machine.





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We Open a Noodle Factory

BY HOWARD D. TRUBE, M.M.

■ AMONG the relief materials that Maryknollers in Hong Kong had received from the States, flour was what our refugees found hardest to put to use. Their poverty and lack of facilities prevented them from turning it into bread. Some way of distributing the flour had to be found.

Maryknollers pooled ideas on the best ways in which flour could be used; a scheme of producing and distributing flour in the form of noodles cropped up. Machines to make noodles were ordered. A frame building to house the machines was erected. Two refugees skilled in making noodles were hired from the group of unemployed. Monsignor Swanstrom, of NCWC, donated \$1,000; that paid for the pilot project. The pooled ideas of Monsignor Romaniello and Father McKiernan became a reality.

Then it was that I came on the scene. With Father John Tse, I

Father Trube checks arrival of relief flour but his refugees are too poor to own ovens to bake it into bread.





Each hungry refugee with a ticket received a five-pound bag of noodles.

stood on the sidelines and watched as noodles poured forth each day. With each new day, the amount of noodles increased, and still there remained doubt as to the ultimate success of the venture. That doubt was finally dispelled a month after the switch was thrown starting up the machines.

Some 2,467 tickets, each giving the bearer a right to a bag of noodles, were distributed in a small section of the Bishop Ford Refugee Camp. Each ticket bore the information that it could be redeemed at the Center on the twelfth. Early in the morning of the twelfth, long

before dawn, refugees with their tickets started to line up. Each got a five-pound package of Bishop Ford Center Noodles — a new brand on the local market.

People in line remarked that it wouldn't take much kerosene to cook a dish of noodles. Others recalled that it was a long, long time since they had enjoyed a dish of noodles. Others said that this newest gift of food would see them over a few moneyless days. Whatever was said was good for us to hear. What wasn't said, could be seen on the faces of the smiling, grateful refugees. ■ ■

Thank You, Kathy

BY THOMAS J. MANEY, M.M.



I HAD spent a day in the little Chilean resort town of Iloca, which we take care of from our parish center of Licanten. It had been a full day, and I was to finish at Iloca with the evening Mass at eight o'clock. About six o'clock a man came to the sacristy and told me that old Juan was sick in the nearby fishing village. However, he said that they were bringing Juan in the next day to the hospital in Licanten, and that I could see him there.

At the time, I was working on a sermon for the evening. I was tired and still had the Breviary to say. There were preparations to be made for the Mass and a marriage later that night. I had the assurance that they were bringing Juan into Licanten in the morning. However, something made me decide to go at once to see Juan. This I did over the protest of the friend who had brought the message.

When I arrived I found old Juan well disposed to see the Padre. I also found that Juan and Maria had been too busy, for thirty-five years, to get married in church. Before I returned to Licanten, I

left Juan and Maria happy. Christ was living in the household; Juan had received the sacraments, including a long-overdue matrimony.

Juan wasn't brought to the hospital the next day. I saw him briefly one week later and they told me he was to go to the hospital the next day. I told him that I would bring him Communion at the hospital.

That last opportunity to receive Christ in Holy Communion never came to Juan. He arrived in Licanten in the middle of the day, but the trip had been too hard for him. He died a few minutes later.

Not long after, I received a note from a wonderful family in the States. The mother wrote that they all had had serious attacks of the Asiatic flu. Her little girls ran temperatures of 104 or 105 degrees. A portion of that letter speaks for itself: "That (the high temperature) gave them headaches. So Kathy decided that she would offer hers up, to ask God to let you be with someone who needed you, *at the right time.*"

Thank you, Kathy! I think old Juan is thanking you also. ■ ■



OUR LADY BRINGS THEM BACK

Antonio Gaston's idea worked;
it spread like a forest fire.

BY JOHN W. LENNON, M.M.

■ IT IS sad to say that few of the twenty-one million Catholics in the Philippines are practicing Catholics.

In 1949, Antonio Gaston, a man from Silay on the island of Negros, saw this problem. He was fortunate enough to be educated, Catholic, influential. He could also see the uninstructed and unpracticed Faith wavering before the storm of communism and all the other isms that have recently entered the Philippines. He was a man with vision and an urgent need to do something about it.

Antonio Gaston picked out five of his friends and invited them to have a chat about things. They were a town foreman, a market inspector, a farm overseer, a sugar farmer, a Government clerk. They couldn't

be described as practicing Catholics. In fact, all of them had been away from the sacraments for an average of twenty years. In Antonio's eyes they were men of integrity and character, men who only needed to see the truth clearly, in order to live it. He told his new ideas to the men, and all were interested.

They decided to hold a meeting every Sunday morning, in one of their houses, in order to discuss religious topics. The meetings began at nine o'clock and never broke up before half past one. The members aired their difficulties and prejudices in the sphere of religion. Here Antonio's Catholic education was invaluable. If he couldn't answer a question, he would look it up and answer it the following Sun-

At a fairly early stage, the practice arose of saying three Hail Marys at each meeting. That marked Mary's entry into the Barangay.

These weekly meetings little by little transformed the five men. Their Faith, formerly a traditional, vague thing, became a real, living thing. Before long they were receiving the sacraments and leading fervent Catholic lives.

When asked what they did on Sunday mornings, they said that they did Barangay business. "Barangay" is a Filipino word meaning "family" or "clan."

In pre-Spanish days, the Barangay was a unit of society. When Antonio Gaston was mayor of Silay, he divided his municipality into districts or groups, and called them barangays, to help the little men be represented in the councils of the town. Mayor Gaston set up a sort of consultative council, composed of representatives from each barangay. They made their suggestions to the mayor, and he in turn laid their proposals before the town council. This greatly endeared him to his people and helped the town run smoothly.

If it could help the running of the town how much more could it help the running of the Church?

Attendance at the Barangay began to grow. The members began to bring their friends and their friends brought more friends. Men came; and when they found it was a matter of religion, they not only stayed but came back for more. Here was an astounding discovery that Antonio made. Men — from the beginning the Barangay was for men

— were, in spite of all appearances, deeply interested in religion. They had doubts that needed to be solved, prejudices that had to be overcome. But such came easily enough in the give-and-take atmosphere.

In February of 1950, Henri del Castillo joined the Barangay and the movement acquired its "St. Paul." From the early days, Father Isidoro Dormido was the spiritual advisor of the Barangay.

Henri del Castillo said: "The people are becoming increasingly interested in the Barangay. We cannot be everywhere. Let us organize some sort of meeting the people can hold."

The type of meeting devised had the Rosary as its center, and a very brief instruction as its other main feature. The emphasis had shifted from discussion and debate to prayer, and the Lady who had been inching her way in, now stood at the center of the Barangay. From the moment the Rosary took the place of honor at the meetings, the Barangay spread like a forest fire. Despite its growth, it has retained the essential form imposed on it. What is this form? How does one start the Barangay?

You could start it as Antonio started it, by picking several leaders in the parish, who are apostolic in some way, explaining to them what the Barangay is about, and asking them to start. These men are called apostles.

An apostle first gets fifteen houses near each other, where families are prepared to undertake the Barangay obligations. These, as the apostle explains to each family

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Foreign Mission Society of
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*.....
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*(here insert amount or descrip-
tion of legacy or property).
The legacy is to be used by
the said Catholic Foreign Mis-
sion Society of America, Inc.,
for the purposes for which it
is incorporated."*



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interested, are two: First to make their house available once every fifteen evenings. Second, to send a representative every evening to the Rosary meeting in one of the other fourteen houses. He asks only Catholics, and is rarely refused because Filipinos greatly love the Blessed Mother. Before long the apostle has the fifteen houses (a Rosary unit) lined up.

The Rosary unit is subdivided into three groups of five houses known as mystery groups because they are called after the joyful, sorrowful, glorious mysteries of the Rosary. In these groups, each house is assigned to a particular mystery of the Rosary. Each mystery group has a leader, and if possible it is a man. You then have an individual in charge of every five houses. He is the lowest official in the Barangay and is known as the *cabeza*. Within the Rosary unit are three *cabezas*. One of them is selected to be the leader of the Rosary unit, and he is called the mayor.

Each Rosary unit has a banner with a picture of Our Lady on it, with ribbons attached to the sides. On these ribbons are the names of every family in the Rosary unit. This banner is carried to the house where the Barangay meeting is held.

The meeting begins with the singing of a hymn. Then the leader announces the general intention for the Rosary: peace in the world, as promised by Our Lady of Fatima. He also announces the particular intentions of the household where the meeting is held. It may be for a good rice harvest or the cure of grandmother's flu. Each household

MARYKNOLL

chooses its intention. After the announcement, there is a five-minute instruction on some point of doctrine. A common practice is to read a section of the catechism for five minutes. The Rosary follows.

Father Michael Hiegel, in Pangil, Laguna, heard about the movement working well on the island of Mindanao. He wondered if it would work in his parish. He brought the matter up to his pastor, Father Leo McCarthy, and they decided that to prove its worth they would start it in the worst part of town. There is an army camp on the outskirts of Pangil and it has the usual score of camp followers. Many of the couples were never married. Few ever went to the sacraments. Father Hiegel asked his cook if he would be interested in the Barangay. When it was explained to him, he asked Father if he could be the organizer.

He went to fifteen houses in the area and was able to convince the people to give the Barangay a try. Father Hiegel went around to every house where the Rosary and instruction were going on. In that way he got to know people he had never met before and he found that he was most welcome in their homes because of the Barangay.

Soon neighbors became jealous, and they wanted to set up Rosary units. Another fifteen homes were recruited; then another, forming a trinity. They put in the rule that no

questions could be asked at the meetings in the homes, because many of the leaders themselves knew little about the Faith. They read a lesson from the catechism; or they explained a lesson that had been

"Those who help Maryknoll should consider it a privilege to share also in the great mission-aid societies; the Propagation of the Faith for adults and the Holy Childhood for the young."

— Bishop James A. Walsh

developed at the center during a pilot meeting. To find out whether the people were learning anything from the lessons, Father held

Rosary unit contests. He was amazed at how much doctrine the people retained.

Father Hiegel kept the emphasis on the men and it was surprising how many men kept coming to the nightly meetings. Of course, many children followed; but in some groups, as many as eleven of the fifteen family representatives were men.

To date there are twenty-one Rosary units in Pangil, and the Barangay is still growing. Father also set it up in Balian barrio, and almost every family there is a member. This has been an easy approach to rectifying bad marriages. It has also been an easy solution to the age-old problem of family feuds.

Father Joseph Regan noticed the great effects of the Barangay, and decided to form a Rosary unit in Paete. He had just completed a personal census of the town, visiting every family. He had fixed up most of the bad marriages. But he still had the problem of scanty Mass attendance in proportion to the number of Catholics.

Father Regan had difficulty in getting men to act as leaders in the Rosary units. They told him they would be too embarrassed; they did not think they could teach others even the little they knew or could learn. They also told him that they felt they weren't good enough to take on such work. Father Regan exhorted and exhorted. Finally he scraped up enough leaders to start about ten Rosary units.

The people of Paete fell in love with the Barangay in short order. In Paete there is a large representation of the Aglipayan sect; its members wanted to join the Barangay. Father Regan made the rule that the Barangay would be held only in homes of Catholics. The Aglipayans felt left out; this started in many of them a desire to return to the true fold.

People who had never been near the church became members of the Barangay and were at least getting some instruction. So many wanted to join, that it was impossible for Father Regan to get enough men to lead. Temporarily he got some well-

instructed women to lead Rosary units. These were later replaced by men. In some parishes the pastor used members of the Legion of Mary as leaders to set up the units. Father Regan used his Holy Name Society.

At a center meeting, Father suggested that the next Sunday be a Communion Sunday for the Barangay. All the unit leaders told their followers and there were twice as many confessions and Communions as ever in the history of Paete.

On their Communion Sunday, members sit together as a unit. Whole families go to Communion. The banners of the different Rosary units are placed in the sanctuary the night before, when the unit members go to confession. The banners look like shields of honor around the altar. The Faith has become alive in Paete.

The Barangay is now spreading to almost all the islands of the Philippines. One priest calls it the greatest mission method he has seen in his thirty years of experience as a missionary.

INDY ANN PICKS A WINNER



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The Arrival

■ I WISH I could adequately picture in words the greeting I received when I arrived in Todos Santos, the most colorful town in Guatemala. If there was one, there were thousands of people out to meet me. Women were crying, holding up their babies for a blessing; children were running to and fro, shouting and laughing; the men shot off skyrockets and bombs; drums were beating away and marimbas played on all sides.

Why? The first resident priest had come to their village. Full of joy was my heart, and full of tears were my eyes as these simple people paid homage to the office I was so fortunate to bear. Yes, ten thousand baptized Catholics were crying and laughing with joy that a priest had come to them at last. We don't need to wait for the next life for our reward. This demonstration of simple faith is more than enough payment for any inconveniences I will ever have to undergo. ■ ■

— John H. Gorham, M.M.



A QUIZ!

Where Do You Think These Catechists Work?

You're right! (1) Bolivia, (2) Japan, (3) Tanganyika, Africa!

Do you know what catechists do? They are the Maryknoll missionaries' right-hand men. They teach catechism, explain doctrine, prepare their fellow countrymen for conversion and later for baptism.

They are always natives of the mission areas, trained by the Maryknollers to do the things they lack time to do, especially to instruct hundreds of people in the doctrine. And because they are Indians, Orientals, Africans, they find it easier to deal with others of their race and background, than Maryknollers could. They multiply priests' effectiveness.

If you would like to win men to God, and leave the world better than you found it, why not choose this way, by paying the salary of a catechist? For each full-time catechist, the missionary must pay \$20 a month.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N.Y.

I enclose \$..... toward the \$20 needed each month to hire a full-time catechist to teach religion.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



Two Postcards



BY GERARD BEAUSOLEIL, M.M.

■ YASUYA san is a Japanese gentleman about fifty-nine years old. He has lived in Ueno for many years. When I say gentleman I mean it in the fullest sense of the word. Yasuya is as polite, affable, kind, gracious as anyone could be. He is ready to do a favor for anyone, at any time; lend an ear to any problem; do any task I may ask him to do at church.

Yasuya san is the owner of a good sized bookstore in a very favorable location in the city. Although his various occupations keep him busy, he manages to stay in good physical trim by walking at least two miles a day. His good health is perhaps due to hereditary causes as well.

I say this because I had occasion to call at his store one day and was greeted by a little old man who told me that Yasuya was out on business and would be back sometime later in the day. When I saw Yasuya san the next day, I told him I had gone to his store and had had the pleasure of meeting his brother.

"That wasn't my brother you met but my father," he returned.

Yasuya san's conversion to the Catholic Faith, some two years ago, came about as quietly as his temperament. He always felt a desire to be better and to know more about why he is in this world.

One day he read an ad in the local newspaper, announcing the opening of a doctrine class at the Catholic church. He re-read the ad, quietly folded the newspaper, went out for his daily walk. "So, this is the Catholic church," he mused as he walked slowly by our front gate. That same day he addressed a postcard to the priest at the church, making known his desire to be taught about God.

He in turn received a postcard inviting him to stop by the church at any time, for an introduction to the priest. He came, met the priest and agreed to study catechism two hours a week in preparation for baptism. At the end of the course, he took Thomas Aquinas as his baptismal name.

Thomas Aquinas Yasuya is a good Catholic, faithful to Sunday Mass, the sacraments and daily night prayers. He is known to other Catholics as the church's little old man. When asked to join the Legion of Mary, he gladly accepted. He fulfills his post as treasurer of the praesidium as dutifully as though he were part owner of some business concern. He goes house-visiting with as much vigor as any younger member, reports on his assigned tasks with a thoroughness that indicates keen interest. ■ ■



I AM A H

I am a Christian.

That's the way we put it,
simply but with pride,
in four plain words.

I am a Christian.

They are more than mere words. They are the sum of the lives
of a vast multitude of men, women and children.

They are a manifesto to mankind.

Speak those four words anywhere in the world — yes, anywhere
— and people who hear them will recognize their meaning.

They are a pledge — a pledge that stems from an ancient story
which says: "I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not have
strange gods before Me."

A pledge to those who dreamed that dream before Divinity came
down two steps and became a Babe in a manger.

They are a covenant with a great host of martyrs and saints, self-sacrificing
souls who put their share of meaning into them.

Listen . . . and you can hear them echoing through the ages
words that sprang alive from grateful lips, prayerful lips, lips
a-tremble with love for mankind.

You can hear them spoken before Nero in the arena, hear the
prayers as our brothers and sisters waited for their hour and
produced a testimony for the ages of man.

You can hear them in Moscow, Hungary, Korea, China.

You can hear them in the tinkling of coins handed to a beggar,
in the lullaby of a mother,
in the advice of a friend,
in the admonishing of a sinner,
in the stillness of a Sunday dawn,
in the laughter of an innocent child,
in the hammering in a laborer's workshop.

You can hear them in the farthest shack,
in the sun-baked desert,
in the endless sea,

CHRISTIAN



in the byways,
in the closeness of a home,
in human wreckage,
in the densest jungle.

They are a pattern of life as lived by redeemed people . . . redemption that has its rights and obligations.

The right to heaven — the obligation to obey the Commandments.

The right to be sons of God — the obligation to do the Father's will.

The right to be priests — the obligation to sacrifice.

The right to hope, to dream, to live — the obligation to serve.

These are some of the meanings of those four words — meanings we don't often stop to realize or think about.

They are plain words, those four simple words.

You can shout them to anyone.

You can sweep them across the sky,
horizon to horizon.

You can carve them on the highest peak or grave them on your tombstone.

You can sing them to the tune of *Ave Maria*,

But you need not.

You need not do any of those things,

For those words are engraved in the hearts of 400 million people on the face of the earth.

They are known to 400 million people, every word and every syllable.

They are familiar to the brown, black and yellow . . . to everyone, including you and me.

That is why you need not shout them.

We can just speak those words . . .

but when we do, we speak them humbly, thankfully, reverently:
I am a Christian.

*This beautiful credo was written by Reina Maria Gutierrez,
a sophomore at Maryknoll College, Quezon City, Philippines.*

Bubblegum versus Freedom

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ SOME TIME AGO a large American beer company decided it needed more prestige in its advertising. It launched a campaign that was impressive and eye-catching. One ad showed a man astride a white horse and drinking a sparkling glass of the advertised product. Another pictured a man of wealth sitting in a baronial hall with a glass of the particular beer beside him. The ads were very attractive. But they didn't sell beer. In one large American city, this particular product dropped from first place in sales to nineteenth.

The alarmed manufacturer hired a motivational-research organization to find out the reasons. The answer was quite simple. People could no longer identify themselves with the product. For a factory worker who dropped into a tavern on the way home from work to identify himself with the character on the horse was downright silly. Equally nane were the other ads. The manufacturer changed his policy and his sales started to climb again.

All of this leads to the argument that we need some kind of motivational research on the international level. We Americans have got to find out why our country is in such bad repute among the peoples of the world, particularly Asian peoples.

For one thing, the Russians out-manuever us propaganda-wise at every turn. They are able to keep us continually on the defensive. They make it seem that we are against ordinary people. They have persuaded millions of men that we are colonial capitalistic ogres, bent on enslavement, while they alone are truly big brothers.

Take the matter of foreign aid. Since the end of World War II, we have spent some sixty billion dollars. What have we gotten for it? Enemies. The nations who received the most aid are less happy with us today than they were before the aid began. On the other hand, the Russians have invested only one and a half billion in foreign aid, yet even our own State Department credits this small amount with seducing foreign governments into the Soviet orbit. What gives?

There is no question that millions of people in the world need help. Hunger is a stalking problem. One out of every three human beings goes to bed hungry at night. Only one out of every hundred eats as well as most Americans do. Disease is another enemy. One-fifth of the people of the world, for example, suffer from malaria. Then there is lack of education. It is estimated that over a billion people

around the world cannot read or write. All of those people — the hungry, the sick, the uneducated — want and need help. One would think that it would take little effort to win them to our side. But the sad fact is that in spite of America's sixty billion dollars in various aid programs, the majority of those people favor the Soviet Union whose investment is strictly minor league.

There is undoubtedly a lesson in the case of the midwestern beer manufacturer, a lesson that could be applied on the international level. We are not identifying ourselves with the needy masses of mankind, and the Russians are. We are trying to sell those people the American way of life — our television sets, our autos, our refrigerators. This has as much appeal to them as has a man on a white horse, drinking beer, appeal to the average American.

On the other hand, the Russians have successfully identified themselves with the needy people. "You are hungry," the Russians say. "We know what hunger is. Our people starved under the czars. You are ignorant. We know what that means. When Lenin began his stupendous literacy campaign, only nine per cent of our people could read. Today more than ninety per cent of them can read."

America is a land of techniques. Let's put some of our experience into selling freedom and love of God to mankind instead of selling cornflakes, bubblegum, and sweet-wing cars. ■ ■

SEPTEMBER, 1958

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1917 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

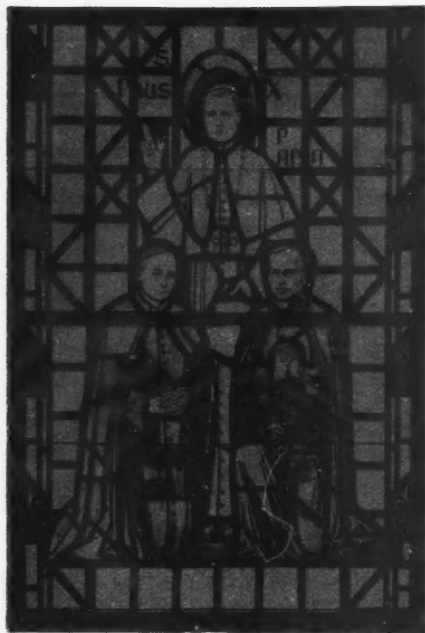
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MARYKNOLL, N.Y.**

"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States ... Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll ... counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics

WHAT TWO PRIESTS CAN DO



Stained glass window in Maryknoll Seminary commemorating approval by Saint Pius X for foundation of Maryknoll.

Fathers Walsh and Price, commissioned by the bishops of the United States, went to Rome, in 1911, to seek Papal endorsement for the founding of Maryknoll. Pope St. Pius X heartily approved, and our country's dream of sending missionary sons and daughters to the fields afar became a reality. Today, the family of Maryknoll numbers over 3,000 priests, Brothers, Sisters and seminarians. But five, ten, a hundred times that number are needed if the Gospel is to be preached to every creature.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

9-8

Dear Fathers: Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Age.....School.....Grade.....

■ THROUGH years of patient kindness and medical work, Father Martin Dunne built respect and esteem for the Church in Cholchol, Chile. Since Father went home on furlough, two younger priests in succession, Fathers James Ward Mundell and Joseph Smith, have taken his place.

Their problem is how to instruct and serve 14,000 people, scattered over a wide area with practically no roads. The present pastor, Father Smith, has a real Yankee plan. He is getting together a gas generator, an amplifier system, a tape recorder, a movie machine and a slide projector. These he will carry in his Unimog (looks like an amphibious jeep and is much more powerful).

The amplifier and movies attract our Indians as honey attracts flies. Instead of talking to thirty or forty persons, Father Joe will have two or three hundred each night.

The efforts of Fathers Dunne, Mundell, and Smith, and the others who have worked in Cholchol were brought home to me this afternoon.

I went to the house of Pedro Bulnes near Coihue. Pedro was a bartender of the famous Hotel Carrera, in Santiago. He went back to the farm to take care of his aunt who is getting sicker and sicker. He was troubled by the fact that she was not baptized. Since Pedro and his wife were married during the mission, they have been taking religion seriously.

Yesterday Pedro came to get the pastor, but I was taking his place. I went with Pedro. When I arrived at the little straw hut, resting on the side of a hill, it was easy to see

On Their Shoulders

BY FREDERICK HEGARTY, M.M.

that they were expecting me. Everything was nicely swept. Inside the hut I had to smile. The few utensils were placed in order. On the floor the two straw mattresses were neatly arranged. Even the hot peppers hanging from the ceiling had been rearranged.

The young man wore his Sunday overalls. The lady of the house had made herself presentable by putting on a pair of shoes (three sizes too big, and run down at the heels). Of course the old aunt was really done up. She had her long hair neatly combed, and she made sure I noticed that her feet were clean.

Before I started to teach her the principal truths of the Faith, she told me about the goodness of Father Dunne. He had helped her so often. Others chimed in to mention Father Mundell's constantly going out to the country to teach the poor people. This caused Pedro to recall the mission and Father Smith's kindness.

I rode home, thinking of how God's grace had worked through three good missionaries. ■ ■



NOT BY RICE ALONE

This starving woman gets more than rice. She feels the warmth of Christ's love strengthening her heart as the food strengthens her body.

To help souls and bodies that need help so badly, Sisters must be trained to a life of real compassion for the poor.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... to aid your training program.

Name

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month to sponsor your missionary work. I understand that I can stop at any time.



The cow was a coward, but she did a brave bit of work in pre-Red China.

The Case of the Cowardly Cow!

■ THE COW was a coward — no doubt about it. But she did a brave bit of work, nevertheless, in bringing a soul to Christ. Let me tell you the story.

It happened in a little village in China, just a few months before the Bamboo Curtain closed us out. I was returning from a mission trip and was in sight of home. A friendly bamboo clump stood by the roadside. I decided to sit down and rest my weary feet.

Almost immediately, strange grunts rent the quiet air. “MMMMPH! UGH! *Ai-Yaaaa!*” rose up the scale and over the hillock on the other side of the road. Such a racket!

Its owner became a convert because Sister stopped to help.

BY SISTER JANE IMELDA

Curiosity overcame tiredness, as it often does. I climbed up the slope and peered over the top. Before me were a woman, a foot-wide stream of water, and a cow. A cowardly cow. Cowering and glowering alternately, she balked at the thought of wetting her hoofs in the trickle of water between her and a nice, flat meadow on the other side. She

refused to budge. She almost brayed her protests — for she acted mulishly for a cow! Then, with a final decision, she just sat down.

Fascinated by the cow, I almost forgot to look at the woman. But an irate "*Ai-Yaaa!*" on the other side of the stream turned my attention there. Utterly exasperated, there stood Wong Pac Me, a stubby little woman with a square face. I knew her as unfriendly to us — hard as granite, sulky. No word of welcome, no smile, no curious question, ever parted her lips or gave us an excuse to pass the time of day with her. Now we were face to face at last — against a ludicrous problem. It was a God-given opportunity to become friends.

"Wong Pac Me," I called. "Let me help you!"

"*Ai-ya!*" she exclaimed. "What can we do? This cow's as stubborn as stone. Her ears refuse to listen. *Ai-ya!*"

The cow corroborated these statements by backing farther away from the water. Inspiration came from heaven, surely!

"I have an idea, Honorable One," I said. "I'll push, and you pull. When the cow is at the water's edge, shorten the rope, reach over, and take hold of her front hoofs. Another push from behind, and they'll be firmly planted on the ground over there. That will reassure the cow that she won't drown in this little stream. Another heave, and she'll be over."

I edged my way into position behind Her Bossiness. Born and bred in Brooklyn, I hadn't any practical experience in the art of

pushing cows, but a missionary vocation gets one into all sorts of experiments. Here was the time to try, and try I did. No sleek Holstein was this scrubby beast. Dust and flies swept into my face at the first push.

"Ugh!" I muttered.

"Moooo!" protested the cow.

"EEEEeee!" exulted Mrs. Wong.

The strategy worked. Several more pushes, and the mission was accomplished. Safely on the other side, the cow was placid and content. Perspiring and mud-spattered, I faced Wong Pac Me.

It was getting late: the sun had almost disappeared from sight. "Let it go," I thought, as I gazed in amazement at the wrinkled, weather-beaten face before me. Every crevice radiated the sunniest smile imaginable. That was light enough for both of us. We were friends.

We met each other often after that and talked of many things: of household tasks and the work in the fields, of market days and aching feet, of growing old and being lonely sometimes, and then of God and His love for us and the heaven that is to be our home with Him forever. I taught her to pray to Him and to the wonderful Mother He has given us. Wong Pac Me became more thoughtful, more patient, more at peace with herself and her life.

And then, one Sunday morning, as our people gathered for morning prayers and Mass, I saw her coming along the path towards the church. She wore her best *saam-fu* and her brightest smile. Wong Pac Me was coming to meet her God. Thanks to the cowardly cow, a precious soul was won for Christ. ■ ■

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☐ Send me the new Maryknoll Catalog free, with its hundreds of items.



Say It with Signs

**"Why use words," Africans ask,
"if gestures say much more?"**

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ PEOPLE in this part of Africa have a whole range of signs and gestures that carry meanings for them just as plainly as clapping hands or saying "Sh!" or nodding the head, do for people in the States.

To beckon a person to come, an African makes a series of open-handed jabs at the air, closing the fingers on the down stroke.

To say, "Yes," he need not open

his mouth, except perhaps for emphasis. Sucking in the breath — a simple gasp — does the job.

To indicate complete agreement, beyond which further discussion is useless, an African turns his head a bit on the side away from his partner and, with a fairly limp arm, points an index finger at him. He may even shake it a couple of times and add, "Stop."

When a thing is all used up — nothing left, not even a little — an African purses his lips and passes his right hand across his face, just in front of his mouth.

The African gesture for sorrow is eloquent. He catches his nose in his hand, cocks his head, clicks his

tongue; and then slowly removes his hand; shaking it at his side.

There are hundreds of gestures, sometimes differing a bit between here and there, but most of them are

common. The conventional European ones are often quite meaningless to Africans. But the natural signs of laughing and crying are com-

mon to all mankind. And our Africans easily recognize the signs of who like them and who don't, who enjoy their company and who don't.

There's the constant sign of their own lovely children, serious little people with flat, button noses. They look enough like their parents to make them proud; African parents treat them as all people like to treat their own little ones.

A man was in a few days ago, to have his youngest baptized. He could hardly keep his other little boy awake for the ceremony. I saw a young mother, hiking along the hot road, barefooted and bareheaded — her baby in a sling across her back. She carried on a running commentary for the baby on all the events of the countryside, and got back baby's babbling. There is a grandmother whose little granddaughter sings in church while the old woman is making her visit.

God is making signs to them. One is their own beautiful country, a land of great hills and broad valleys. Hills that are worn-down ranges of granite mountains whose

tops are vast masses of stone, now cracked and weathered, strewn with boulders, overgrown with trees and grass. Hills that are still wearing away under the day's fierce sun

and the night's chill, under the attacks of wind and rain, and of African children tending their goats. Hills wearing away and giv-

ing up new soil and plant food to keep men alive; hills that give good crops of grain or roots wherever there is space for a little garden. Valleys of deep, black soil, for grain and pasture, until they end in papyrus swamps beside Lake Victoria.

On every side, God is beckoning to Africans, and they easily understand His sign language. Now He speaks to them with new signs. For numbers of them — almost every farmstead has one — are going to a place up the road, where men of God speak to them about God.

Africans learn that God expects certain things of them, certain mental attitudes, certain moral conduct. By still other signs a man comes into close contact with God. There's one where the priest pours water on a person's head and says certain words; and then there is another when he offers their Sacrifice and then all eat of the Sacrifice. These new signs never fail in their meaning or their effect. They make ordinary Africans into God's children like Jesus of whom they tell. ■■

YOUR OLD JEWELRY

— gold, precious stones, watches, bracelets, cuff links, earrings, rings, gold teeth, can be turned into cash to help the missions. Send them to us.



"How to borrow money" says the blackboard. Brother Felix signs up some new members in one of his many Guatemalan credit unions.



Smiles come big in San Miguel Acatan where folks are friendly and gay.


11,532 to 1

■ 11,532 TO 1! That's the proportion of Catholics to each priest in Guatemala. Compare this with the United States average of 630 to 1, and you will understand the spiritual destitution of the people of Guatemala.

Maryknollers are caring for the province of Huehuetenango, deep in the mountains. After years of being without priests, the people are now able to be married, have their babies baptized, and receive other sacraments. Thousands of other Guatemalans are not so lucky.

PICTURES BY CONSTANTINE BURNS, M.M.





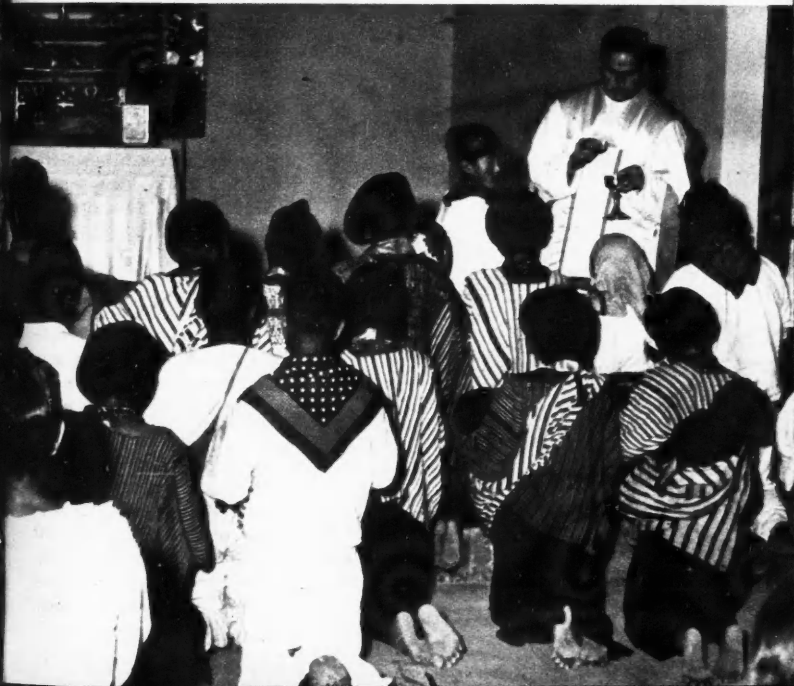
Her life ebbs out on a dirt floor amid stark poverty.
Father Hugo M. Gerbermann gives the last anointing.

THE HANDS OF A PRIEST

■ CATHOLICS in the United States who live within telephone call or walking distance of a priest have no idea of what it means to live and die without the sacraments. Guatemalans know the powers that rest in the hands of priests but few can obtain this aid. ■ ■



In Colotenango, Father John H. Gorham distributes Communion to people long priestless. To realize what this means, read his story on page 29.





Above, a newly married pair in Colotenango. This couple are lucky because they were wed by a priest. Few people in Guatemala know a priest.



Tomas (left) is a descendant of Maya Indians. His people were among the first converts in the New World but now are the poorest in spiritual care.

For many years the church in Colotenango (right) was left abandoned. Now Maryknollers are repairing it and caring for the Indians of the area.

MARYKNOLL





Father William J. Homrocky (*above*) gets a lesson in adobe-brick making. A "comic" catechism explained by Father John F. Fay proves interesting.





What are they worth?



The churches of Guatemala are Government property and possess valuable colonial relics. Father John F. Lenahan says Mass in a mission parish.



Soups a la Chinese



■ THERE is a tastiness and variety to Chinese cooking that is the result of many thousands of years of experience. A Chinese meal lasts many courses and many hours. An old Chinese proverb says, "Hurry men at work but not at table." It is customary for a Chinese banquet to begin with soup. Here are two tasty recipes.

EGG SOUP


- 4 cups chicken consommé
- 2 raw eggs
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- 2 green onions

Bring consommé to a boil and dribble in eggs after they have been well stirred. Add soy sauce. (If American soy sauce is used, add slowly and taste frequently since it is more concentrated and salty than the Chinese variety.) Salt to taste. Slice thinly the green onions and float on top of soup. *Makes 4 to 6 servings.*

MANDARIN SOUP

- 1 cup lean pork
- 1 cup mushrooms
- ½ cup diced carrots
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 6 cups bouillon (beef or chicken)
- ½ cup chopped spinach
- 1 teaspoon accent powder
- 1 raw egg
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- salt
- pepper

Sauté lightly the pork cut into thin strips, mix in mushrooms, carrots, and celery. Sauté until carrots are tender. Add to heated bouillon in soup kettle or pot. Mix in spinach and accent powder (this is monosodium glutamate used to bring out flavor and sold under a variety of trade names). When bouillon comes to boil, stir in quickly one slightly beaten egg. Add the cornstarch as a thin paste with a little water. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer low to serve hot. *Makes 6 servings.* ■ ■

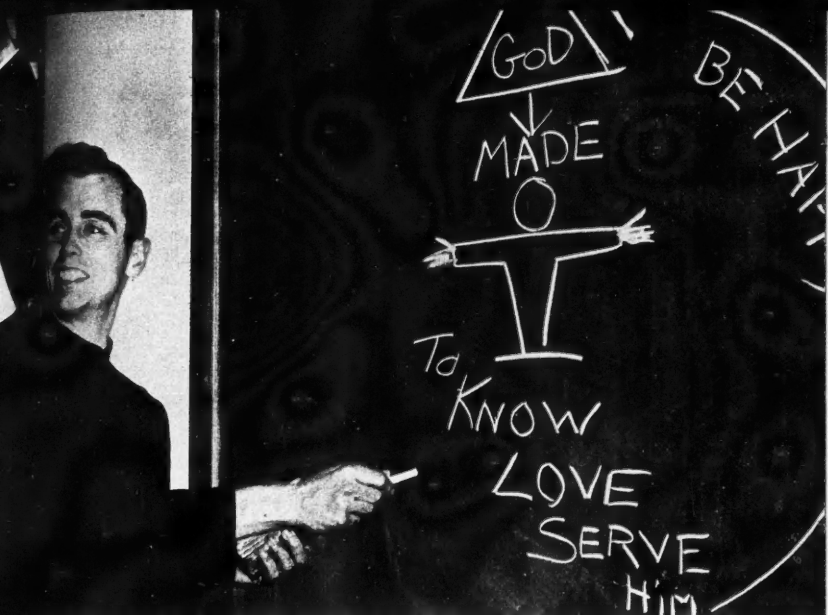


Over 800 titles in pamphlet rack set up by students for catechetics at Maryknoll.

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Richard McGarr, of Springfield, Mass., gets his point across with a diagram.

Blackboard Missioners

■ "BROTHER! Brother!" An anxious hand thrashed above a sea of unfamiliar faces. Such interest in the second catechism class of the year was welcome. "What is Extreme Unction, Brother?" asked the owner of the dangling hand still swaying over the class. "Do you have to be real sick? I mean, do you have to be dying?"

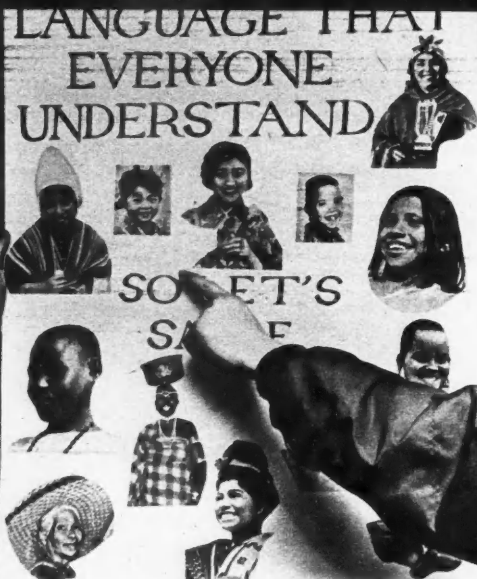
The question was off the subject, but the Maryknoll student-catechist spent the next five minutes explaining the purpose and the wonderful

Maryknoll's seminarians teach catechism to 2,500 youngsters.

BY GRAHAM McDONNELL, M.M.

results of Extreme Unction. Jimmie, the questioner, and his pals all listened with attention.

Several months later, Jimmie was missing from class. "He's in the hospital," reported his pals. Three



Edward F. Moore admires a poster made for him by a tenth grade refugee from Trieste. People are more important to this refugee than correct spelling.

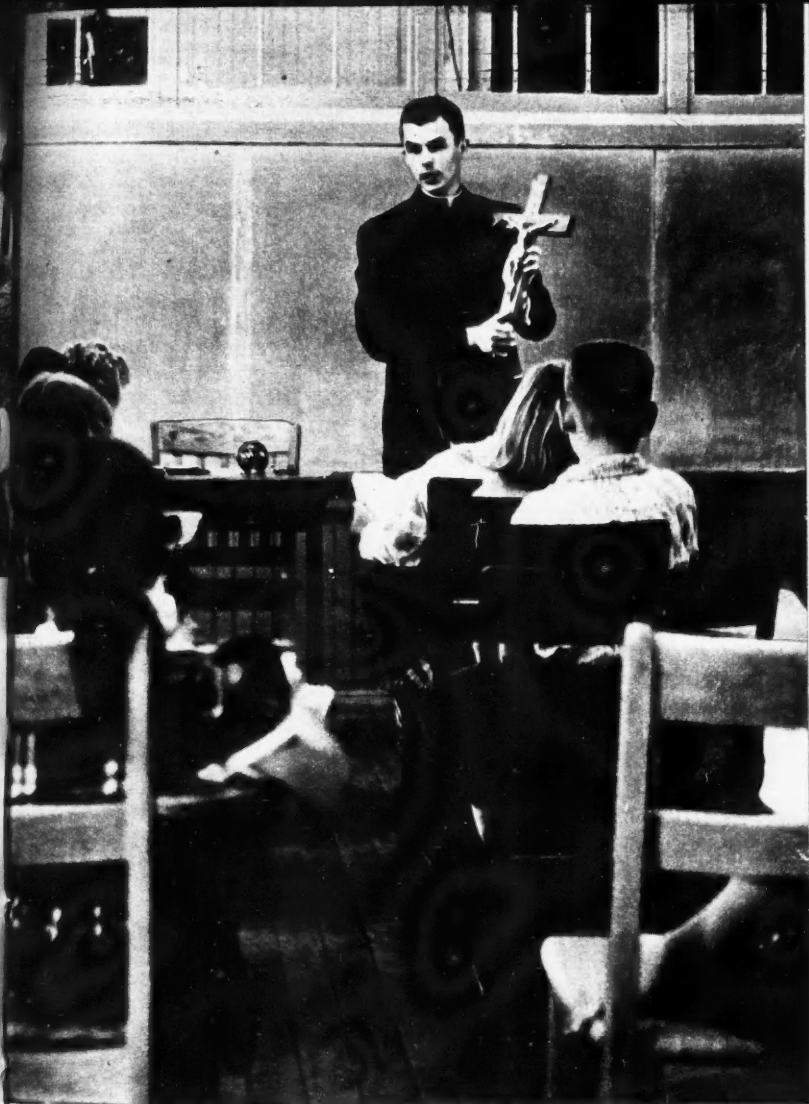
days later he was dead. At the wake, Jimmie's teacher from Maryknoll met his mother. She led him over to the casket where she told him: "You know, in the hospital, it was James who asked for the priest. He told us what he had learned in your class. He wanted Extreme Unction. And we thought he didn't know how sick he was!"

Not all the catechists here at Maryknoll get that kind of attention in the second class of the year. And not all the classroom stories end on a tragic note. But the seminarians who teach in the catechetical program at Maryknoll do have far-reaching effects in the lives of youngsters enrolled in the released-time religion classes.

Maryknollers spend lifetimes teaching catechism in one way or another. In some mission lands, the priest must teach the classes himself; in other areas he trains local catechists to help. Here at the Major Seminary, the mandate of Christ, to "go teach all nations," gets its start in a local setting. Each Wednesday during the school year, 115 seminarians teach catechism to public-school children in neighboring parishes. Twenty-two parishes are covered, with some 2,500 pupils under instruction. Most of the classes are in the afternoon; some of the seminarians teach two or three classes.

One class is enough to convince them that some twenty years in

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John Meehan, from Toledo, Ohio, gets plenty of attention from these released-time pupils who attend public school but come to his catechism class each week.

classrooms, as students, have not qualified them as teachers. But their preparation is not a haphazard affair. One of the greatest helps in preparing the seminarians for the weekly assignments in the "classrooms" of surrounding Westchester County is a credit course in educational psychology, taught by Brother Adalbert James.

Two thirds of the seminarians at Maryknoll teach each week; others substitute occasionally. Each spends, on the average, an hour and a half of study a week for class preparation.

The Catechetics Room at Maryknoll is a large, well-lighted classroom. Here the student-teachers find textbooks, slides and filmstrips, projectors (six are on hand), record players, a tape recorder, and an excellent collection of charts. One wall of this room is lined with a huge pamphlet rack; some 800 titles are available.

A display case is on hand for the catechist who might wish to take an assortment of pamphlets to his own class, on consignment. This case, about the size of a briefcase, opens up into a miniature rack. It was made by one of the students. All the work involved in this room is done by the students — painting, carpentry, sorting and arranging the pamphlets.

In the same room, is a library of books on teaching religion. In addition there is a lending library conducted by the catechists themselves for the use of their students. This library, started with a donation of 200 volumes from the Maryknoll Book Foundation, has titles

that range in interest from the early grades to the high-school level, and beyond. One of the seminarians has the girls in his class reading books like Boylan's *This Tremendous Lover*; they are clamoring for more.

Interest in catechetical work is carried over into other studies. Some of the seminarians have written papers on catechetical problems relating the work with Liturgy, Missiology, Moral, Dogma, or other subjects in the seminary curriculum. One interesting work was a twelve-page thesis on the use of chalk diagrams for teaching the sacraments to people in mission lands. It was illustrated with excellent, yet easy-to-copy, drawings for each of the sacraments.


Another paper involved the translation from French of a filmstrip commentary on the Mass. This translation was then recorded on tape, which can be used with the filmstrip. Two of the students worked up a 135-page booklet of catechetical teaching methods, entitled *Brevior Synopsis of Catechetics*. Copies of this work are available to CCD members. "Where to buy filmstrips?" and "Which ones are the best?" are questions answered in another booklet compiled by another student interested in this field. Catalogs from Europe and the United States were consulted, with the prices and addresses noted. Requests for this booklet have come in from all over the world.

The catechetical program at Maryknoll has the approval of the faculty and the warm encouragement of the neighboring pastors. ■■

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A Maryknoll catechist solves
a problem not in the books.

COVER STORY

BLOODSHED IN NEW YORK



■ THE New World owes the Old a debt of love and charity that can never be repaid directly. It is owed to the countries that sent missionaries like Father Isaac Jogues to the barbaric wilderness of North America centuries ago.

Father Jogues, a Jesuit, left France at the age of twenty-nine to labor among the Hurons of eastern Canada. In 1642 he and two lay companions fell into the hands of the fierce Iroquois. They were taken to Auriesville, in central New York State, as slaves.

The savages tied the missionaries to stakes, beat them mercilessly, and threatened to burn them to death. They tore the fingernails off their helpless victims, pulled out their beards, and even chewed off some of Father Jogues's fingers.

On this month's cover, Joseph Watson Little has captured not only the heroism of Father Jogues, but also the barbaric nature of the Iroquois. Admiring courage, they reserved their most fiendish tortures for the bravest men.

During his captivity, Father Jogues baptized some seventy Indians — New York's first recorded baptisms. More than a year passed before he managed to escape and return to France. From Pope Urban VII, he received special permission to celebrate Mass, despite his mutilated hands.

Father Jogues, then thirty-nine, went back to Canada with new strength. From his superiors, he obtained reluctant consent to found a mission among the Iroquois, who had made peace with the Hurons. His former captors, however, ambushed him en route to their camp, and tomahawked him to death.

Auriesville now is the site of a shrine to eight Jesuit Martyrs, the first canonized saints of the North American continent. The debt owed to Europe for sending them, and all other missionaries instrumental in planting the Faith in the New World, can be repaid in only one way — by sending missionaries from North America out to priestless areas of today's world. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL



Will You Support One of Them?

So many have said, "I wish I had a son going into the priesthood!"—that Maryknoll has worked out a plan for supporting seminarians.

We have many students from families unable to finance their training. God does not give vocations only to the rich; the best missionaries do not necessarily come from prosperous areas. Many Maryknollers have been

helped along their way. We hope it will always be so.

You can "adopt" one of the young men now in training — you can contribute to or assume all of his expenses — and give a priest to the world as truly as if he were of your own blood! It costs \$750 a year to train and educate one Maryknoll seminarian in the U.S. and we have more than 800 of them.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Maryknoll Fathers,

- ☐ I wish to give \$..... each month toward the training of a missionary. Please send me a monthly reminder.
- ☐ I enclose \$..... to help a young American become a Maryknoll priest.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Decision

Only last week I became a Catholic, and it was the most wonderful decision of my life. I can truthfully attribute the starting of my interest in the Church to your wonderful magazine. It is surely true that "big things come in small packages." You are doing work straight from the heart.

PFC. DAN W. BANEY, USMC
Barstow, Calif.

Go to Church

I liked "That's the God We Want," by Francis Caffrey, M.M. This story talks of the good example of parishioners. When our Blessed Lord walked the earth, He came to give us example. We can convert our churchless friends by our example. Go to Mass on Sunday, not because it is Sunday or your neighbor sees you, but because you love God.

CONCEPCION GUZMAN
Erie, Mich.

Overpopulation

Thank you for the interview with Father Kaschmitter, on overpopulation. I wish this article could be given widespread distribution, and that the entire Catholic press would constantly publicize and emphasize the facts involved, so that they will finally get through to the general public and Government officials.

DOLORES L. CRIQUI
Forest Hills, N. Y.

Recipes

I was so happy to get the recipe for meat-ball soup in your book. I had it when a small girl but never knew how to make it. Thank you.

HELEN GEISLER
Albany, N. Y.

May I take a little time to thank you for the recipes from foreign lands. The ones I have tried have been delicious. Keep printing them.

MRS. FORREST GRAEF
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Testimonials

I am a young Jewish person who has subscribed to your magazine for a short time. We who love humanity and the purity of spirit, especially in such troubled times as these, find our hopes and courage sustained by the very essence of humanity that lies between the two covers of MARYKNOLL. I wonder at the immense power of that tiny booklet — which is a droplet of faith that forms a sea of deeds.

NAME WITHHELD
Detroit

I and my family enjoy to receive the MARYKNOLL. We think it is the most interesting Catholic magazine published.

MRS. ANTONIO SANCHEZ
Scholle, N. Mex.

To the Defense

I personally feel that something is lacking in those people who have written to you objecting to the unfortunate position of the person from Milwaukee. It does seem a shame to me that those people, who claim to be Catholics, or at least Christians, do not practice a little Christian charity.

NAME WITHHELD

Lancaster, Pa.

I for one would like to commend this lady for doing a very Christian act, i.e. to do without, so that her son may have opportunities that he would not otherwise have. I think the good people who wrote these objections acted upon an irresistible impulse and without knowledge of all the circumstances. In this world today, education is more important than ever. Therefore, I commend those who sacrifice to accomplish this end.

ROBERT F. RITTER

San Antonio, Tex.

Good Pictures

Who takes the pictures in your Maryknoll magazine? They are fantastically good. The reason I mention this is that I am an amateur photographer. Perhaps some time you could write an article about the people who take these pictures, and what kind of cameras they use.

CHARLES H. BELCHER, JR.

Ridgewood, N. J.

■ With rare exceptions, all the pictures in this magazine are taken by Maryknoll priests and Brothers. We have a policy of encouraging our seminarians to take an interest in photography, so that as missionaries they will send us pictures. The most popular cameras at the moment are Japanese $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ reflexes.

Young Reader

I am 11½ years old. My father gives me \$1.50 a week. I save the dollar for the missions. I would like you to use this money to help feed pagan children. I hope I can be a nun when I grow up.

MARY ANN KRUTSICK

Phillipsburg, N. J.

Problem

Being a bride of two months, I am without a job and my husband is in service, and the financial outlook is on the dim side. From the start of our marriage we have been practicing birth control. For someone who has tried to live a good Catholic life it leaves me with a feeling of guilt and fear. By sending this small contribution I do not intend to buy peace of mind or salve my conscience. It is just a plea to Our Lord not to forsake me and my husband. Perhaps you could write a few words in the "Letters" section since I have not even the courage to sign my name to this letter.

YOUNG BRIDE

Chicago

■ We wish we had room to give an adequate reply to Young Bride, because her problem is one that faces many young couples today. The problem basically comes down to a lack of trust in God. Since the writer lives in Chicago we suggest that she call at the headquarters of the Christian Family Movement, Room 2010, 100 West Monroe Street, Chicago. We feel that if the writer and her husband can meet some apostolic Catholic young couples who have faced this problem, her own trouble will be a long way to solution. Right now, Young Bride is alone and confused. Contact with couples in the Christian Family Movement will give her strength and a new outlook.

Maryknoll Mission Want Ads

Gift Opportunities

DISPENSARY

A Sister trained in nursing can do great work, fighting disease among the poor in the jungles of Bolivia. Doctors are far away; hospitals even farther; \$500 will build a dispensary.

MASS WINE

In Chile, 50 bottles of Mass wine costing \$25 and Mass hosts costing \$75 may be donated to supply a mission for a full year.

MEMORIAL CHAPELS

Two chapels, each to measure 80 x 40 feet, to accommodate 500 people are needed in Korea. They will cost only \$1,000 each because the local Christians themselves will do all the construction work.

ALTARS

A main altar, \$500, and side altars, \$200 each, may be donated for a church in Miaoli, Formosa. This missionary has had 900 converts in two years, he needs a church to hold 400 people at a time. Any donation is welcome.

MEMORIAL WINDOW

In Famy, Philippines, a church window can be installed for only \$20. Want to do it?

ORGAN

The sweetest music from Indian voices would be easy in our mission 12,000 feet high in Peru, except there is no organ. The church is large; an organ will cost \$1,100. Can you supply it?

CATECHISMS

African prayer books and catechisms can be furnished in Muzoma for 25c each, four for \$1.

CHURCH BELLS

A bell is needed for Japan, \$300, and another for Guatemala at \$2 a pound or 100 pounds for \$200. The Japanese church has an empty tower; the townspeople hear only the Buddhist temple bells.

CONFESSIONALS

Two confessionals, \$200 each, may be given for Taichung, Formosa. Want us to give the people peace of conscience?

Send check or money order to:

The Maryknoll Fathers / MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

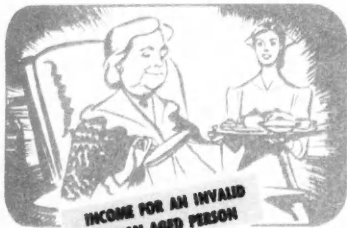
(Donations to Maryknoll deductible for Federal income tax purposes)



Let us send you a check!



PROTECTION FOR
YOUR OWN OLD AGE



INCOME FOR AN INVALID
OR AN AGED PERSON



REWARD FOR A
FAITHFUL EMPLOYEE

IN DECLINING YEARS, peace and comfort are insured the holder of a Maryknoll Annuity, a guaranteed income for life.

A Maryknoll Annuity is doubly safe because of the experience of our investment advisers and because of the supervision of the New York State Insurance Department.

But in addition, when you put your money into a Maryknoll Annuity, you have the satisfaction which comes from well-doing. Maryknoll is the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of the United States; its work is to train young Americans to become priests, to start churches in Africa, South America, the Pacific Islands and Asia. After the income is no longer required, your funds are used to spread our Lord's word in far-off lands. You help yourself—and your Church! Ask for our free booklet, "How to Keep While Giving." No obligation!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Without obligating me, please send a copy of your booklet on annuities, "How to Keep While Giving."

Name.....
Address.....
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Missioners of America

Mother Theodore Guerin was a French nun of exceptional abilities who pioneered in Indiana to become the foundress of Sisters of Providence in the United States.



1. Anne Therese Guerin was born in Brittany in 1798, joining the Sisters of Providence in 1823.



2. On the day she made her vows, she was appointed the superior of a large convent in Rennes, France.



3. Skilled in theology and medicine, she was assigned to found a community in Vincennes, Indiana.



4. She arrived in America in 1840, went to the Indiana frontier, began St. Mary-of-the-Woods College.



5. A pioneer of Catholicism in America, she died in Indiana in 1856, a truly legendary figure.

Christ to boys in all the human race.

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